

On the 7th Tee

-What is there, a nickel bet on each putt? I'm gonna give 'em a yell!

-No way you are! Those are, arguably, the four richest men in America. High on the world's list too.

-Fuck em, the way they're fucking everybody else!

\_Not us they aren't, o Socialist one. In one way or another, they are our clients. Trickle down is a cruel myth for Joe or Jose Sixpack, but not for us.

-We need a left leaner for president, who'll appoint judges to disrupt corporate rule.

-Uh huh. The likely one wants those who understand single mothers. I wish a violin'd fit in my golf bag. I'd like to play it now, mixed with tears.

-I understand what he's driving at, any any counterweight to those rapacious pirates up on the green.

-You expect them to support all the little Black Sambos?

-Scratch a guy who worships status quo and you'll find a racist.

-Me, or them?

-If the foo shits...?

-I like wit, even that juvenile kind.

-As the song says They can't take that away from me.

-Well, it's the only thing. Never forget that.